



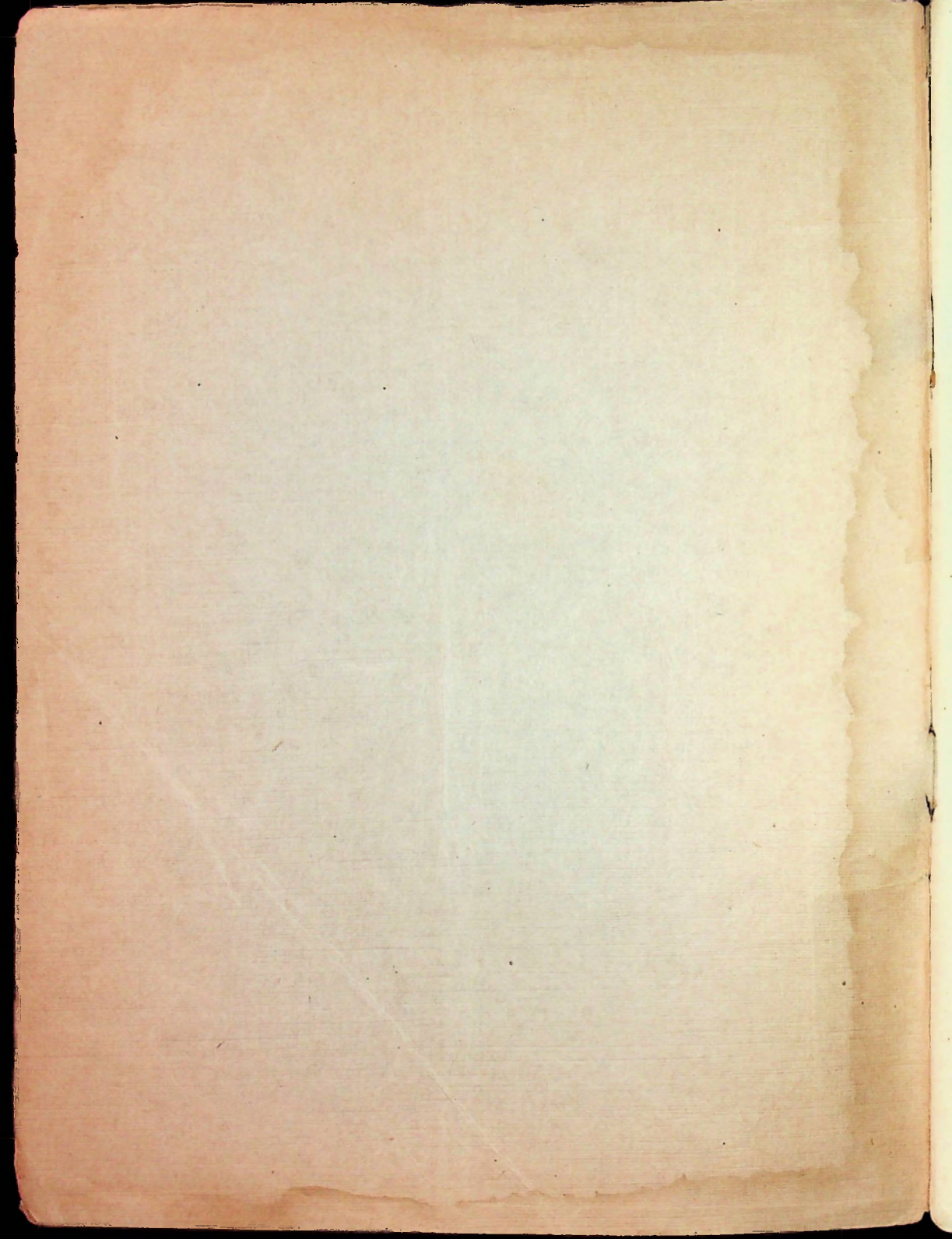
# THE BIRTHDAY THANKSGIVING OF TOC H

AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY  
ST. MARGARET AND  
ST. MARTIN-IN-THE-FIELDS



SATURDAY, DECEMBER THE SEVENTH  
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY NINE





# THE UPPER ROOM

A STUDY  
*by*  
PHILIP CLAYTON

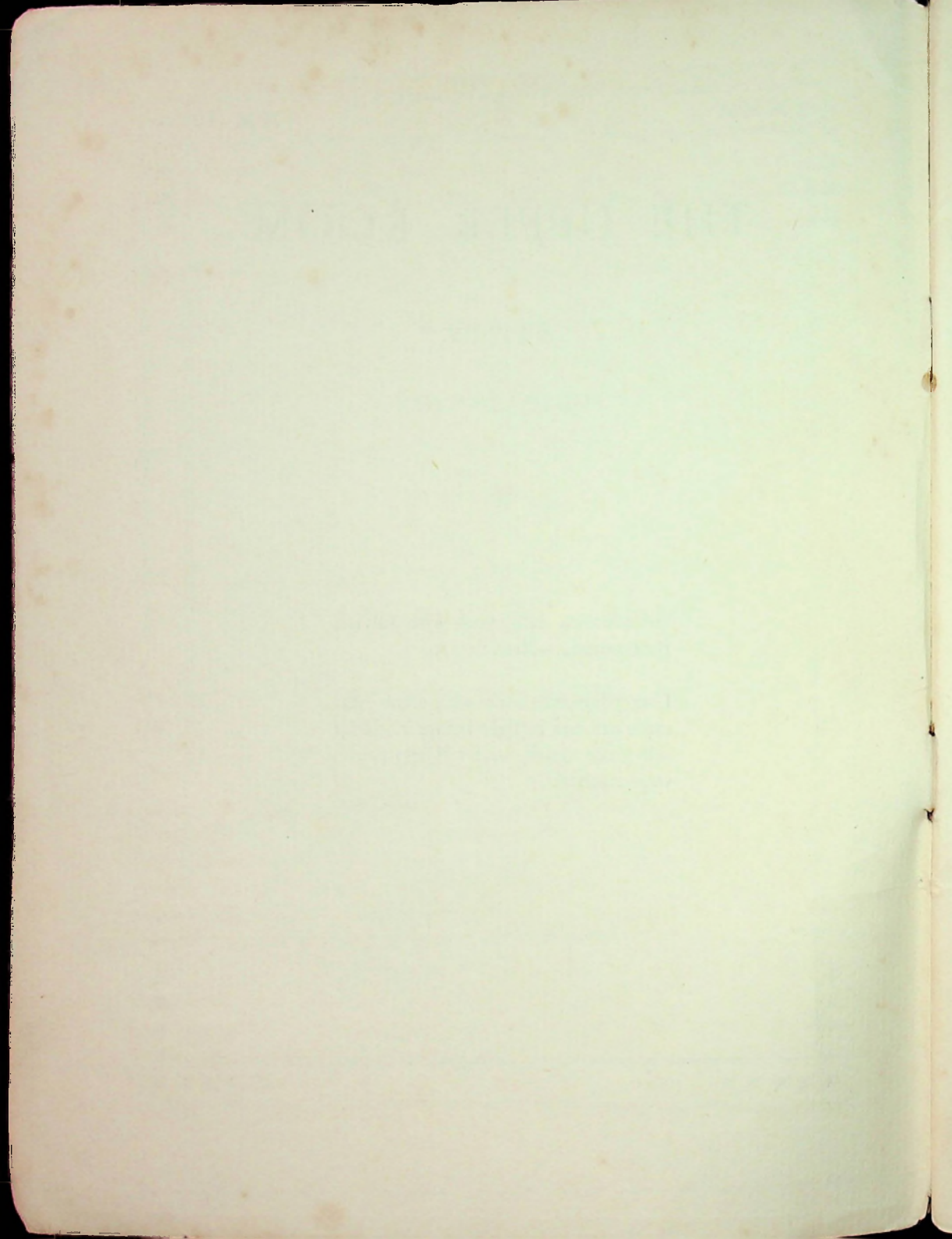


Put affection into your love for the  
Brotherhood.—*Rom.* XII, 10.

Link yourselves early with some great  
cause that has its fight before it. Your  
help given to that cause will help you to  
your manhood.

—*John Bright.*







## TO WELCOME THE STRANGER

Sir Stranger,

That which you have now in your hands is in no way designed to give you details of Toc H. Whence, Why, What, and Whither would interrupt a Birthday Book which seeks to look upward.

Yet something of the spirit of the Family may summon you more closely. If so, the way lies open:—

### COME AND SEE

Your first step is to speak to any one of us anywhere; to get in touch with any Mark or Branch or Group of members in your neighbourhood; to help them to help others.

Or, if you prefer to send for further facts, write to:—

THE SECRETARY,

TOC H HEADQUARTERS,

1 QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, S.W.1

---

## TO FOREWARN THE FAMILY

Friends,

You will wonder why this book is so full of pages. You will fear that the fare provided will far outrun your time and appetite on the Birthday Festival evening. If so, let your mind be easy. Here is not a meal served for a single sitting, but a larder replenished for all the year.

The old Treasury of Prayers and Praises (1922) taught us that the Birthday Festival could carry into constant use much besides its own short form of service. This Treasury became a common quarry, hewn and re-hewn by many all the world over, reprinted time and again. But the Treasury was a Treasury indeed, for many heaped it up. Here is no new Treasury, to gather which needs time and judgment. This is a store of poverty, the work of one man's mind; save that some prayers and hymns are from good sources.

Then of the cost of this. Some one who loves Toc H has given what was otherwise not to be thought of, this almost magical printing. But any further copies of "The Upper Room" must be bought, and—until the supply is exhausted—can be had, at a charge of one shilling each, from the Secretary, All Hallows Porch Room, Byward Street, E.C.3.

# CONTENTS

	PAGE
The Upper Room title page	I
To welcome the Stranger	3
To forewarn the Family	3
To ask your pardon	5
To explain your part	5
Part I    Finding the way	7
Part II   The Householder	9
Part III  There make ready	12
Part IV   Came Jesus, with His disciples	14

~~~~~

## Hymns and Anthems

|                                       |       |
|---------------------------------------|-------|
| 1. A Song of Praise for London        | 18    |
| 2. I Vow to Thee, my Country          | 19    |
| 3. The English Boat                   | 20    |
| 4. The Call                           | 21    |
| 5. The Inheritance                    | 22-23 |
| 6. Ye Watchers and ye Holy Ones       | 23    |
| 7. Festival                           | 24    |
| 8. Out of Many into One               | 25-26 |
| 9. Sailing Westward                   | 27    |
| 10. The Immortal Legions              | 27    |
| 11. Wrestling Jacob                   | 28-29 |
| 12. The Peace of Jerusalem            | 30-31 |
| 13. Sing, Brothers, Sing              | 32    |
| 14. The Scout's Psalm                 | 33    |
| 15. The O.B.C. Hymn                   | 34    |
| 16. The Working Member                | 35    |
| 17. A Hymn for the League of the Lamp | 36    |

~~~~~

## Two Short Litanies

1. The Answer of the Cross to the Creation	37
2. To men yet a great way off	38

Seven Prayers 40-41

Four Old Gaelic Runes 42-44

The Carpenter *(inside back cover)*



## I. TO ASK YOUR PARDON

"FESTIVALS," says the first book printed in England, "are ordayned to serve God onlie." This truth is not forgotten in Toc H; wherein men never meet for self-congratulation. So, at their Birthday Festivals, they are accustomed to make the milestone into Jacob's pillow, and to look for heavenly ladders to hearten them before the road begins again.

What follows is not what we habitually think of as a Service; nor is it, as in earlier years, chiefly Commemoration. It takes a look astern, but only at the rudder and the wake. It looks ahead, and finds a new horizon. Toc H is under weigh indeed.

## II. TO EXPLAIN YOUR PART

- A This simple study of the Upper Room falls into four Parts ; divided by prayers and hymns. These Parts can be used separately.
- B The names of the principal Readers, such as the *Dean* and *Precentor*, are shewn in the margin of the text.
- C This Reading will ordinarily be shared by many teams of Members in Marks, Club Rooms, and Upper Rooms throughout the World. For *their* use, the portions are numbered, so as to be easily assigned to the appointed Readers. The names shewn in the margin are those of a cluster of old friends from the first days. The two lists shewn below outline a cast, composed either of the officers and personalities of a Branch or (as in list II) of members distinguished by their daily callings.

### LIST I

#### OFFICERS AND PERSONALITIES OF A BRANCH

I PADRE	IX VETERAN	XVI JESTER	<i>Spares</i>
II "	X CADET	XVII MELANCHOLY	OPTIMIST
III PILOT	XI RECRUIT	JACQUES	PESSIMIST
IV SKIPPER	XII SPAREMAN	XVIII BENEDICT	BANNER BEARER
V JOBMASTER	XIII HANDYMAN	XIX TRAVELLER	LAMPLIGHTER
VI SCRIBE	XIV RUNNER	XX NEIGHBOUR	BO'SUN
VII BURSAR	XV SCOUTER	XXI STRANGER	ORDERLY
VIII CELLARER			

### LIST II

#### BRICKLAYERS IN COMMON TO THE GOOD LORD GOD—*Alfred Noyes*

I PADRE	VII PHYSICIAN	XII ENGINEER	XVI PRINTER
II ARTIST	VIII LAWYER	XIII BUILDER	XVII SPINNER
III ACTOR	IX SCHOLAR		XVIII AGENT
IV ARCHITECT	X PEDAGOGUE	XIV BANKER	XIX GARDENER
V MUSICIAN	XI CHEMIST	XV TRADER	XX ROADMAN
VI WRITER			XXI STOCKMAN

*During the delay which must divide the entry of the Great Congregation from the opening of the Service, Two thoughts may serve in reverent preparation.*

#### THE ABBEY

**R**APT as the murmur of a midnight prayer,  
Stern as the stillness where a saint lies dead,  
God's cielèd house here lifts up a grey head,  
Breathing one Name on every tide of air.  
Hail ! Hallow'd rocks, refulgent with the light  
Which broke on England, as she broke from night.

#### OURSELVES

**O**UT of the darkness we mistook for morn,  
Out of the blindness we believ'd was day,  
Secretly longing for the homeward way,  
Sullen, remote, sardonic, inly torn,  
The English folk falter and hesitate,  
Faint with their wounds, yet flinching from Thy Gate.

~~~~~

#### THE GIVING OF THANKS

A SONG OF PRAISE FOR LONDON (page 18)

*This song being sung, the President and Chairman of the Council of Toc H (Lord Forster of Lepe) will approach the Dean and say :—*

Sir, Bid a Blessing on our Birthday Festival.

THE VERY REVEREND THE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER

**M**AY God the Holy Spirit, who with the Father and the Son is worshipped and glorified, make plain your way before your face. Let not ignorance mislead you, nor favour unnerve you, nor growth corrupt or shallow you. But by the gift of His Grace, may the Spirit so unite you to Himself and to each other, that ye may achieve true religion. May ye so observe the law of well-doing, that your work may in no wise decline from His Will, nor your steps from His Service. Amen.

*The Great Congregation will then unite in saying*

#### THE LORD'S PRAYER

*followed by*

#### THE PRAYER OF 'TOC H

**O** GOD, Who hast so wonderfully made Toc H, and set men in it to see their duty as Thy will, teach us to live together in love and joy and peace. To check all bitterness; to disown discouragement; to practise thanksgiving, and to leap with joy to any task for others. Strengthen the good thing thus begun; that, with gallant and high-hearted happiness, we may work for Thy kingdom in the wills of men. Through Jesus Christ Our Lord. Amen.

*Here shall be sung "I Vow to Thee, my Country" (page 19), written by Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, an Elder Brother of Mark III.*



## PART ONE

### FINDING THE WAY

ALL (*Standing as for the Gospel*):

Where wilt thou, Lord, that we prepare this Feast?

PRECENTOR

Then answer came: "Thou, Peter, and thou, John,  
Go to the City. Mark a man who bears  
A pitcher full of water. Follow him;  
And he will lead, not knowing whom he leads.  
Enter behind him where his journey ends,  
And say ye to the goodman of the House  
'The Master saith, where is the guest-chamber?'  
Then he will shew you a large upper room,  
Furnished. There make you ready. I shall come."

*The Great Congregation will now seat themselves*

I

FOUNDER PADRE  
(FOR A. PETTIFER  
M.M.)

Little he dream'd, that pitcher-burden'd man,  
That, as he did his duty, he led home  
The Saviour to His holy journey's end,  
His gift a Lover's greeting, where the Cup  
Retains That Kiss, while there is faith on earth.

Little he dream'd that thirty thousand men,  
Two thousand years, two thousand miles away,  
With out-land tongues from unimagined shores,  
Assembled at one narrow neck of war,  
March'd after him, musing "The Upper Room!  
On! He will deign to feed us ere we die."

II

PADRE LEONARD  
D.S.O. (FOR  
W. J. MUSTERS)

Did these men dream, or die before they dream'd,  
Their Torch-flow'r would take root and fill the land,  
That it would stretch strong Branches to the seas,  
That multitudes of isles, both small and great,  
Would within twenty years be glad thereof;  
Where men would build these garrets of His grace,  
Attics and cellars in five hundred towns,  
Calling them His and theirs—first His, then theirs—  
Lighting their lamps to guide Him, their own guide,  
Or one by one go back to bring Him in.

III

PADRE WATKINS  
C.M.G., C.B.E.  
(FOR R. S. MAY,  
K.B.E., C.B.)

Lord, when men kneel within these Upper Rooms  
Shew them the vision of the work to be,  
And help us even now, our scattered few,  
To be true neighbours and true citizens  
Of every transformed city, changed ourselves  
By truth of love to lovers of thy truth,  
Govern'd and guided, in our minds renewed,  
Gather'd of one accord into one way.

IV  
PADRE SAWBRIDGE  
M.C.  
(FOR W. A. HURST  
O.B.E.)

Here may thy light shed widely on our wills  
Make plain the way for each, the way for all :  
That, having pass'd death's passage into life  
We may bethink us of that blest 'Because,'\*  
May do to all men as we would receive,  
Submit ourselves, and keep tongue, body, hand  
As servants of a servant, sent to tasks  
Beyond our thoughts with powers beyond our own.

V  
DR. LEONARD  
BROWNE

Little we dream who gather here to-night  
From East and West, how firm His purpose stands  
Towards the thing so wonderfully made,  
Till He, who bade the room be ready, comes.

VI  
PADRE MACLEOD  
M.C.

Meanwhile, the simplest thoughts. Toc H is Home,  
The place where we are sure of one another.  
Here is our workshop of wise character ;  
Let duty without discord dwell herein.  
Home, work, love, trust—these are four binding words.

*The Great Congregation will now stand and join in repeating this stanza from Henry Van Dyke :—*

FOUR things a man must learn to do  
If he would make his record true.  
To think without confusion clearly,  
To love his fellow-men sincerely,  
To act from honest motives purely,  
To trust in God and heaven securely.

### Let us Pray

PRECENTOR

O LORD, our Guide along those wide Altar steps, which  
slope through darkness up to God, dwell in our hearts  
and be Thou glorious in our lives this day. O Lord, our  
guide even under death, grant us, we beseech Thee, grace to  
follow Thee whithersoever Thou goest. In little daily duties  
to which Thou callest us, bow down our wills to simple  
obedience, patience under pain or provocation, humility and  
kindness. In the great calls of duty or perfection, if Thou  
shouldst call us to them, uplift us to self-forgetfulness, heroic  
courage and the laying down of life or strength for Thy  
Kingdom's sake or for a brother, through Jesus Christ our  
Lord.

*(Adapted from C. Rossetti)*

\*1 St. John III, 14. We know that we have passed from death unto life, *because* we love the brethren.



*Here shall be sung*

"THE ENGLISH BOAT" (page 20)

## PART TWO

### THE HOUSEHOLDER

THE GREAT

CONGREGATION : Now tell us of the good man of the house.

#### I. CHIVALRY

VII  
BARCLAY BARON  
O.B.E.

TO be a gentleman is a true name  
For an intense humanity, which knows  
Not comfort as the goal, not self-complaisance,  
Nor pride of place ; but learns to do without.  
The bauble of self-pleasing laid aside,  
Hunger of bread in others is to him  
The sound as of a trumpet. He must muse  
Upon the lot and circumstance of man,  
The forest of the shipping in the Pool,  
Captivity complaining in our streets,  
Seeing things as his Master'd have them be.  
A disciplin'd disciple, train'd and true,  
Clear as a living letter, read by all ;  
His heart a hearth for every honest fire.

#### II. CAREFULNESS

VIII  
HUBERT SECRETAN  
O.B.E.

LET him have mind upon his growing old,  
Who worships idols. Idols breed decay.  
The perfect law of liberty lives on.  
Religion must be shewn. Lamps silent shine,  
But, oil exhausted, smoulder and expire.  
Life is made up of infinitesimals,  
That we may exercise fidelity.  
Small things performed bring great things after them,  
For we are judged by everyday events,  
By unremember'd, unpretentious deeds.  
"I was a stranger and ye took me in ;  
Naked, ye clothed me : sick, ye visited ;  
I was in prison and ye came to me."  
He was despised. Scorn died of that mistake,  
And only the poor ghost of it goes on,  
Doubting its own despisings in the dark.

We do not know the power that might be ours,  
If we were careful to maintain good works.  
Who doeth good, denying that he doth,  
This is a brother. He who says he will,  
Yawns, sleeps, forgets, denies it by delay,  
This man must be revived in diligence ;  
For God did not redeem us in His sleep.

### III. COUNSEL

IX  
ALEXANDER  
PATERSON, M.C.

LIFE is a day repeated. Hold a Rule.  
Begin each morning with a gathered mind.  
Live all day near the fountain. Let reserve  
And resolution, unobtrusive courage,  
Economy of the emotional  
Possess thee as the virtues of thy race.  
Ah ! waste no time in enmities and fears,  
Dread nothing but misconduct. Be prepared.  
Temptations shew some shadow ere they come.  
Never lay down thine arms ; but cherish honour  
Against all manner of indignity.  
With unity that lightens every load,  
With probity and patience born of peace,  
Be mindful, when thou seemest most alone,  
That all who are God's workmen are Thy Kin.  
Dragon and adder down beneath thy feet,  
Do thou stand fast, believing in the Lord.  
Sometimes it may be thou art meant indeed  
To answer thine own prayers ; but be advised  
That no man yet hath quicken'd his own soul.

### IV. COURAGE

X  
HERBERT SHINER  
D.S.O., M.C.

IN some great dangers men must not go back,  
For peril is by peril overcome,  
Not overcome by any lesser thing.  
The peril therefore of men's listlessness  
Is best met by the peril of men's prayer.  
Bold words to God are dangerous indeed,  
If we desert decisions offer'd up  
Or offer them all heedless, all unmeant.  
He cannot where we will not : He could do  
No mighty works, where men would not believe.  
What King would nerve the sword-arms of pale men  
Who rubb'd their eyes and swore he had no crown ?  
Men, and ye be, 'tis good to hold by God.  
Life without faith is a mere drunken brawl  
Above the brink of an unknown abyss.

### V. CONVICTION

XI  
HEADMASTER OF  
CHRIST'S HOSPITAL

QUIET faith's the best Divinity.  
We need not tremble for the Truth ! His Word,  
Be nations never so insensate, reigns ;  
Be the earth never so unquiet, rules.  
Clumsy defence but clips a varlet's ear,  
And Christ must stay His march and stoop to heal.  
Lord, touch the cars of ordinary men,  
Still hesitating in their half beliefs,



Dulled by our discords, dubious of our dreams,  
 Sway'd by a sense impenetrably sad  
 That nothing matters, and that no one helps,  
 That life is but a crowded corridor,  
 Leading no-whence, no-whither ; Cross and Crown  
 Mere moonbeams in a paradise of fools.  
 Lord, send us back empower'd to win them in  
 Right to the heart of this tremendous task :  
 That these may shew Thy power to this new age,  
 And they in turn Thy truth to those who come.

XII  
 HEADMASTER OF  
 ETON

O Thou, Whose footsteps shew not where we doubt,  
 Uphold all those whose spirits cleave not yet  
 In steadfastness, when all that they held sure  
 Seems like a tottering wall, a broken hedge,  
 Jerusalem itself a heap of stones.  
 O knit their hearts to Thee, deliver them,  
 That they may triumph; triumph in Thy truth ;  
 For " I know mine," Thou sayest, " and mine own  
 Know me." Lord Jesus, let it be so now. Amen.

*All now say :*

Let the lowliest task be mine,  
 Grateful so the work be Thine.  
 If there be some weaker one,  
 Give me strength to help him on.  
 If a blinder soul there be,  
 Let me guide him nearer Thee.

Let us Pray

PRECENTOR

JESUS, sinless and immortal, dayspring from on high, who  
 in the very sharpness of death didst fling open Thy Father's  
 realm to all believers, renew in all the world the soul of service,  
 the spirit of peace, the sense of duty and of joy. Lord, let this  
 indeed be the long-promised generation of them that seek  
 Thee, even of them that seek Thy very face. Amen.

NOTE. *Part Three, together with the Prelude to Part Four, must, by reason  
 of time, be omitted in the Abbey Thanksgiving; which therefore is  
 renewed on page 15.*

## PART THREE

"THERE MAKE READY." *Four points in Prayer.*

THE GREAT CONGREGATION : Tell me thy Name, and tell me now.

XIII  
REX CALKIN

SET forth, said Francis, walk you two and two,  
Cheerful and humble, often keeping peace,  
And meditate as much as in your cells,  
For so you are. Your cell is Brother bone,  
The walls your flesh, wherein the soul's a hermit.  
Wait till in silence onward comes the Lord ;  
And whispers, we are His, the boat is His,  
All His—the hills, the wind, the sea, the storm:  
Then speak as if you saw Him—there's your Rule !

### I. THANKLESSNESS

XIV  
LANCELOT  
PRIDEAUX-BRUNE

INGRATITUDE He knows, who gives and gives  
Until the sinner 's shamed to ask for more.  
He heals the blind, and they scarce glance at Him :  
The maim'd, they walk away. We ne'er amend  
The feeble scramble posing as our prayers,  
We never pause to praise for health and help.  
We are not lame to other purposes  
Than His ; nor deaf, but when He calls ; nor blind  
To any of our faults in others seen,  
Sins of presumption, lack of reverence,  
Deadness of heart, dislike of better men.  
Yea. Satan hath desired to sift us all.

### II. SELFISHNESS IN PRAYER

XV  
FREDERIC DOMONE

THE Lord said : " if thine eye. . . then pluck it out,  
But if thy brother, cast him not away."  
Yet we forgive our eyes, cast out our brother,  
And make our mean prayers payable to self.  
The truest act of comradeship is prayer,  
And not one man may make a scorn of it,  
Lest he should slander those anointed feet.

### III. THE PURPOSE IN PRAYER

XVI  
JACK CLARK

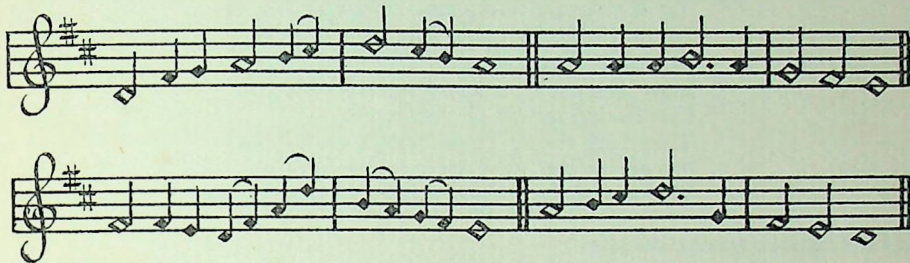
OUR Master is our guest when we would pray,  
Our expert brought among us to inspire  
An age of man most powerful when won,  
Most reckless of the cost, when quite convinced.  
It is a lie, it is the worst of lies,  
That faith must needs be weak, where life runs strong.  
The young are thirsting for the Living God ;  
For God hath spoken to a lad ere now  
And watched him stir and wonder and awake,



Shyly determined, weak in his own eyes,  
 Yet limb, brain, spirit of his manhood knit  
 To win that unexpected strength, bestowed  
 Where Jesus sits, surrounded by His friends.

He shall perform the cause we have in hand,  
 Open our eyes and order our next steps  
 To heal the sores of this divided land,  
 To make the voice of His praise to be heard.

*All then sing together this stanza from Mackay to the tune of Duke Street*



If thou canst plan a noble deed,  
 And never flag till it succeed,  
 Whatever obstacles control,  
 Thine hour will come. Go on, good soul.

PRECENTOR : Let us pray an old prayer for Brotherly Love :

#### A PRAYER FOR BROTHERLY LOVE

A.D. 1578

**G**RANT unto us, O Lord, that we may love one another unfeignedly; for where love is, there art Thou; and he that loveth his brother is born of Thee and dwelleth in Thee and Thou in Him. Love us therefore, O Father, and shed Thy Love abroad into our hearts, that we may love Thee, and our brethren in Thee and for Thee. Through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

## PART FOUR

### "CAME JESUS, WITH HIS DISCIPLES"

#### PRELUDE :

*In another and far more splendid Upper Room, on the first Good Friday night, Pilate, having sent for the Centurion, is seated alone, musing thus :—*

XVII

PILATE

(HARRY WILLINK  
M.C.)

"A King upon a cross—the jest was shrewd.  
*Quod scripsi, scripsi*—ah ! I had them there :  
They'll learn the stuff Rome's made of ! Yet, I vow  
The Teacher stood in triumph, of a truth.  
Triumph of Truth ? Those were his very words.  
I pass'd them off and wash'd my hands of him.  
Yet crosses are outrageous instruments :  
No cultur'd man could ever handle them  
Without disgust, disdain, and deep despair  
That men can be so cruel and so crude ;  
Civilisation should abolish them.  
They taint the air, these vermin on a cross !  
No gentleman, until the world runs down,  
Will ever sleep where crosses cast their shade."

*(The Centurion knocks and enters)*

"Centurion, good evening ! Your report ?  
I sent for you to learn from your own lips  
Your recent duty, how it was despatched.  
There is a Jew—a well-considered man—  
Waiting my pleasure whether he may take  
The body on his followers' behalf  
And give it private burial—no fuss,  
Nothing demonstrative, to cause a clash.  
But is he dead already ?"

XVIII

CENTURION

(ERIC BRABY, M.C.)

"Aye, he's dead,  
Your Excellency, Aye, my God, he's dead."

*The Great Congregation*

Pilate was standing now ; and in his hands  
A lighted lamp, starved by a heedless slave,  
Flicker'd and fell on darkness. A night wind  
Moan'd, and a casement-shutter creak'd and swung.  
Down in the *patio* someone passing sang  
The lilt of a new love-song. Hark to it !



*Here the Birthday Festival in the Abbey, having omitted Part Three, is renewed with the singing, by the Choir only, of "The Call," an old Elizabethan stanza (page 21).*

XIX  
PADRE BARRY  
D.S.O.

WITH sacrifice their covenant was crowned,  
Rejoicingly, for well they loved thy Name.  
Their life was going to the Father's House,  
Their death was reaching it and finding Him,  
Whose loving spirit led them to the land  
Where dwelleth righteousness. Yea, they are glad—  
Glad to be freed from far and foreign shores,  
Glad to be taken out of the great seas ;  
Henceforth, let no man trouble them ; they rest.  
And when they are awake, as wake they will—  
For sleep is preparation for new day—  
Even then also shall His hand uphold.  
So let the lifting up of human hands  
Be covenant and sacrifice to-night.

*Here, in the Abbey, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, Patron of Toc H, assisted by Field Marshal Viscount Plumer of Messines, President of Toc H, presents the two wooden Crosses of Gilbert Talbot, to Leeds and to All Hallows severally; and, after these, the other Flanders Crosses "Known unto God" to the New Upper Rooms. Meanwhile the hymn, "The Inheritance" (page 22), will be sung to the Londonderry Air.*

XX  
PADRE LEONARD  
D.S.O.

WORTH from these crosses, Lord, let Wisdom cry,  
Bidding the nations hearken. Who were these ?  
Yea, let the age of heedlessness give heed,  
And conjure up that age of anguish'd pens,  
Which—ignorant of wide-arena'd war—  
Ask'd shatter'd armies, where one loved man lay !  
No longer lost, unknown and yet well-known,  
To-night they join us ; nor is He ashamed  
To call them brethren, whosoe'er they be.

THEREFORE, to God our Father be all praise,  
Our rock, our castle, our salvation sure.  
Like waves which cease not day and night to cry,  
Out into all the world His Gospel sounds.  
Beauty is His handwriting : Truth His pen.  
Marvellous kindness hath He shewed to us  
In many a city, yea, in many a soul,  
Whose life, no longer aimless, blesses Him.  
Not unto us, not unto us, the praise.  
Not unto us, but unto God and Them.

*The Great Congregation will then repeat this stanza, by Elizabeth Barrett Browning*

Death hides, but it cannot divide.  
Thou art but on Christ's other side.  
Thou with Christ, and Christ with me,  
And so together still are we.

*Here the Collection\* will be taken, and the Procession made. Meanwhile, hymns (pages 23 to 25) will be sung—"Ye Watchers," "Festival," "Out of Many into One"*

#### PRAISE

PRECENTOR

Let us hearken, with the ear of the spirit, to the song  
They sing, the song of Moses, the servant of God, and the song  
of the Lamb :

V. Great and marvellous are Thy works, Lord  
God Almighty.

R. *Just and true are Thy ways, thou King of Saints.*

PRECENTOR

Let us render thanks for the whole Family of Faith and  
Practice, sons and daughters, their laughter, their vigour, their  
turbulent witness, with their work in its first steps established.  
Let us give heed to the hidden household, those servants of  
His who have done His Pleasure :  
Let us veil our eyes before the Eternal Light wherein they move.  
Let us ask in our turn to see Jesus, the Perfect way, the King's  
own Son, obedient yet commanding.  
Let us laud the Spirit all-sustaining, the living vesture of Love's  
flame that issues forth from God.

\*It has ever been the custom of the Birthday Festival to present the surplus, after expenses are met, to the diocese of Pretoria (Bishop N. S. Talbot, M.C.).



*Then the Very Reverend the Dean will dismiss the Great Congregation, reading thus from the Fourth Chapter of the Epistle of Paul the Apostle to the Philippians :*

Finally, my brethren, rejoice in the Lord alway ; and again I say, rejoice.

Let your moderation be known unto all men. The Lord is at hand.

Be careful for nothing ; but in everything by prayer and  
supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be  
made known unto God. And the peace of

God, which passeth all understanding,

shall keep your hearts and

minds in the knowledge of

Christ Jesus our Lord.

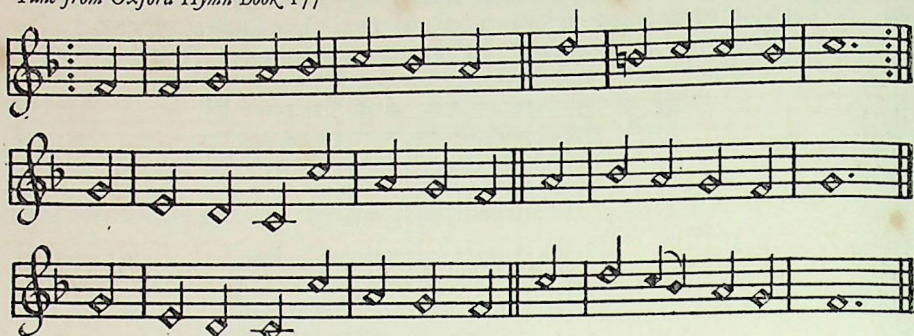
*Now will be sung "Sailing Westward" and "The Immortal Legions" (page 27)*

# HYMNS AND ANTHEMS

## I—A SONG OF PRAISE FOR LONDON \*

*Tune from Oxford Hymn Book 177*

*Tynemouth*



**P**RAISE God for all that moves and yearns  
To all things just and free ;

For many a soul that inly burns

More righteous days to see ;

For peace, for law, for gold, for wheat,

And for His printed word,

Praise Him, ye throngs in every street ;

Great London, praise the Lord.

Ye that her bridges cross by night,

Where on the river play

A thousand stars from lamps alight,

That mete out narrower day,

Praise Him, and say this river bears

Great fleets that ceaseless go ;

And yet, for these eight hundred years

Hath not borne in a foe.

Praise Him, great city fair and free,

And helpless, but for God ;

Nor siege, nor sack have frightened thee

Of alien hosts untrod.

Praise Him, and pray while yet 'tis well,

Nor danger nigh thee waits ;

Pray thy Celestial Sentinel

To guard thy silver gates.

Praise Him, when clash thy weighty hours

By measure night and day ;

Praise Him, while yet a hundred towers

Ring out thy times to pray.

Praise Him, where murmurs fall and swell,

As of some wind-borne chord,

The majesty of millions tell ;

Great London, praise the Lord !

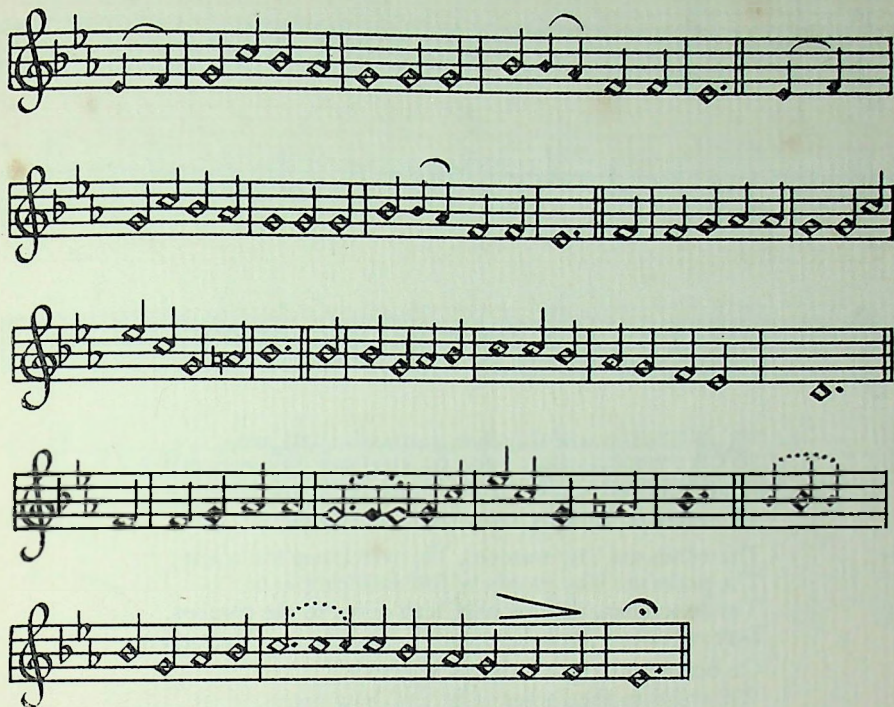
*Jean Ingelow*

• By the courtesy of her Executors and of Messrs. Longmans



## II

## I VOW TO THEE, MY COUNTRY\*

*German Chorale**Adapted by W. K. Fleming*

I VOW to thee, my country—all earthly things above—  
 Entire and whole and perfect, the service of my love,  
 The love that asks no question : the love that stands the test,  
 That lays upon the altar the dearest and the best ;  
 The love that never falters, the love that pays the price,  
 The love that makes undaunted the final sacrifice.

And there's another country, I've heard of long ago—  
 Most dear to them that love her, most great to them that know—  
 We may not count her armies : we may not see her King—  
 Her fortress is a faithful heart, her pride is suffering—  
 And soul by soul and silently her shining bounds increase,  
 And her ways are ways of gentleness and all her paths are peace.

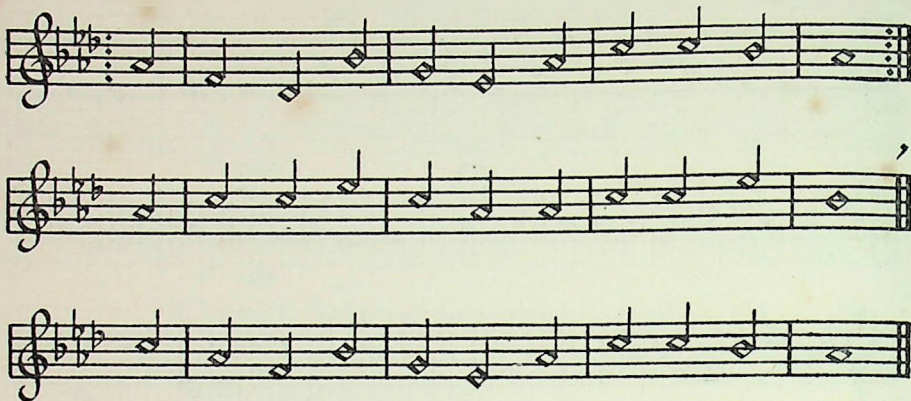
*Cecil Spring-Rice*

• By the courtesy of Lady Spring-Rice and of Messrs. Longmans

## III

Now this new song, to an old tune :—

## THE ENGLISH BOAT\*

*English Hymnal 407**St. Denio*

**M**OST merciful Father, permissive and just,  
 Who are men, what are men, but disputant dust ?  
 If, hooded and blinded, we pay not our praise,  
 All nature acclaiming Thee Ancient of Days.  
 The winds are Thy wardens, Thy watchman the night ;  
 The peaks are Thy prophets, first fingering light.  
 Thy henchman, the low hills, lead down to the combes,  
 Bare rocks and brave headlands to harbours and homes.  
 On oceans at duty, in Abbeys at prayer  
 We would to the Father of fathers draw near.  
 Lord, let Thy sweet comfort be silently shed  
 On our children, our far-away kindred, our Dead.  
 Peace, ever Thy purpose, from Bethlehem shone :  
 Let the steel in the faith of our fathers live on.  
 Give us service of spirit. We kneel and are still,  
 Rising up in the power of Thy pardoning will.  
 Advised of Thine Advent, alert to Thy tide,  
 Renew us, restore us, walk with us, abide.  
 Yea, teach us to worship the truth in our trust,  
 Beholding Christ Jesus, the Holy, the Just.  
 Ah ! Lowly the latch when He stoops to come in.  
 Ah ! Narrow the way where our footsteps begin.  
 But when both the road and the River are past,  
 Wide-flung stand the gates of God's glory at last.

*Philip Clayton*

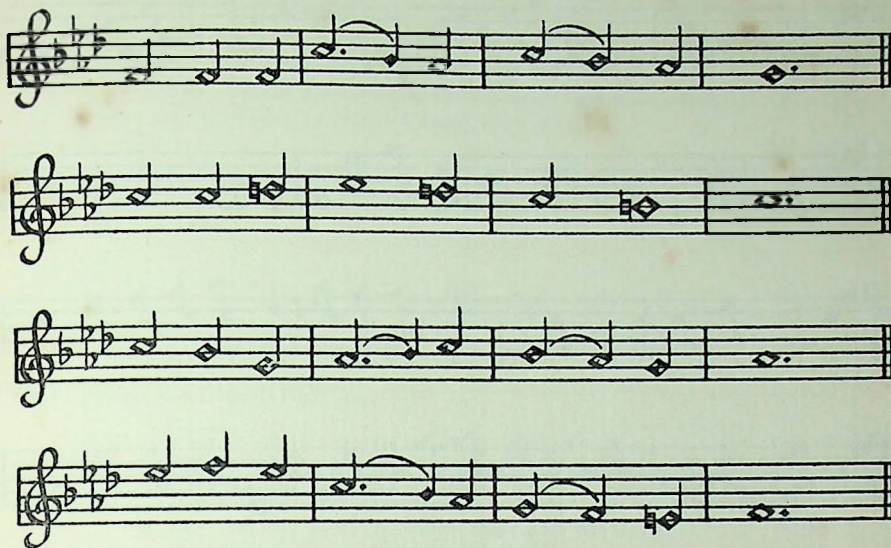
- "Thus sang they in the English Boat  
 A holy and a cheerful note."

*Andrew Marvel.*



## IV

## THE CALL

*From Oxford Hymn Book*

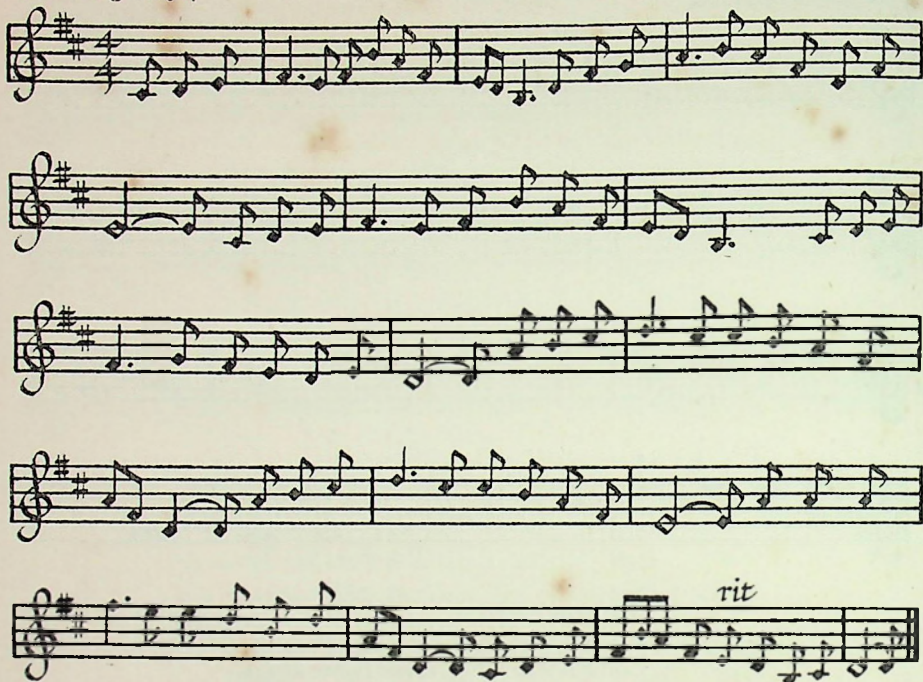
My blood so red  
For thee was shed.  
Come home again, come home again.  
You're gone astray  
Out of the way.  
Come home again, come home again.

## V

## "THE INHERITANCE"

Toc H Song Book 27

Londonderry Air



## I

THEY trusted God—unslumbering and unsleeping  
 He sees and sorrows for a world at war,  
 His ancient covenant securely keeping ;  
 And these had seen His promise from afar,  
 That through the pain, the sorrow and the sinning,  
 That righteous Judge the issue should decide,  
 Who ruleth over all from the beginning—  
 And in that faith (*Repeat*) they died.

## II

They trusted England—scarce the prayer was spoken  
 Ere they beheld what they had hungered for,  
 A mighty country with its ranks unbroken,  
 A city built in unity once more ;  
 Freedom's best champion, girt for yet another  
 And mightier enterprise for Right defied,  
 A land whose children live to serve their Mother—  
 And in that faith (*Repeat*) they died.



III

And us they trusted : we the task inherit,  
 Th' unfinished task for which their lives were spent ;  
 But leaving us a portion of their spirit,  
 They gave their witness and they died content.  
 Full well they knew they could not build without us  
 That better country, faint and far descried,  
 God's own true England : but they did not doubt us—  
 And in that faith (*Repeat*) they died.

*Cyril Alington*

VI

YE WATCHERS AND YE HOLY ONES

*English Hymnal 519, Songs of Praise 403.*

YE watchers and ye holy ones,  
 Bright Seraphs, Cherubim and Thrones,  
 Raise the glad strain, Alleluya!  
 Cry out Dominions, Princedoms, Powers,  
 Virtues, Archangels, Angels' choirs,  
 Alleluya, Alleluya, Alleluya, Alleluya, Alleluya!

O higher than the Cherubim,  
 More glorious than the Seraphim,  
 Lead their praises, Alleluya!  
 Thou Bearer of the eternal Word,  
 Most gracious, magnify the Lord,  
 Alleluya, Alleluya, Alleluya, Alleluya, Alleluya!

*Choir only*

Respond, ye souls in endless rest,  
 Ye Patriarchs and Prophets blest,  
 Alleluya, Alleluya!  
 Ye holy Twelve, ye Martyrs strong,  
 All Saints triumphant, raise the song  
 Alleluya, Alleluya, Alleluya, Alleluya, Alleluya!

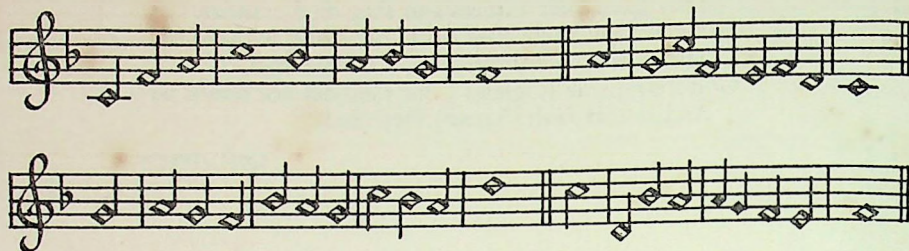
O friends, in gladness let us sing,  
 Supernal anthems echoing,  
 Alleluya, Alleluya!  
 To God the Father, God the Son,  
 And God the Spirit, Three in One,  
 Alleluya, Alleluya, Alleluya, Alleluya, Alleluya!

*Athelstan Riley*

VII  
FESTIVAL

*English Hymnal 471*

*Richmond*



O H, 'twas a joyful sound to hear  
Our tribes devoutly say,  
Up, Israel, to the temple haste,  
And keep your festal day.

At Salem's courts we must appear,  
With our assembled powers,  
In strong and beauteous order ranged,  
Like her united towers.

*Choir only*

Oh, ever pray for Salem's peace ;  
For they shall prosperous be,  
Thou holy city of our God,  
Who bear true love to thee.

May peace within thy sacred walls  
A constant guest be found ;  
With plenty and prosperity  
Thy palaces be crowned.

For my dear brethren's sake, and friends  
No less than brethren dear,  
I'll pray, May peace in Salem's towers  
A constant guest appear.

But most of all I'll seek thy good,  
And ever wish thee well,  
For Sion and the temple's sake,  
Where God vouchsafes to dwell.

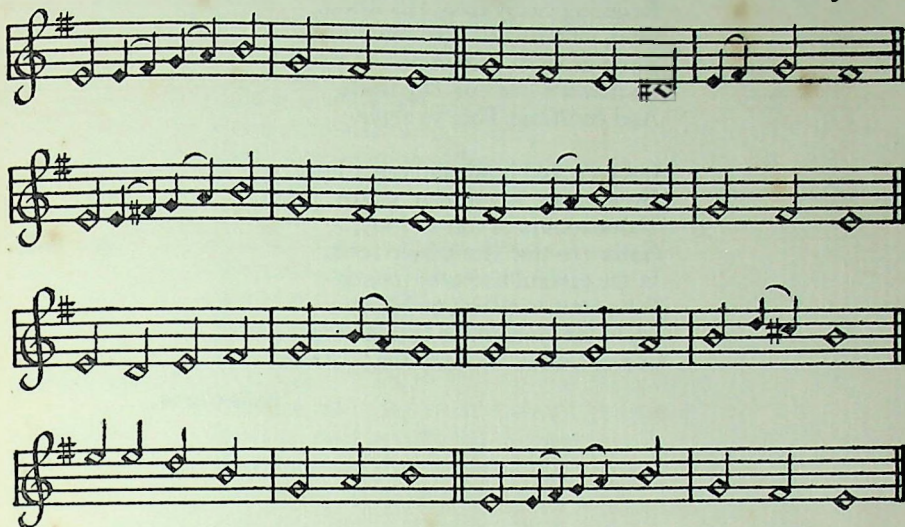
*Adapted from T. Hawe by S. Webbe, the younger*



VIII  
OUT OF MANY INTO ONE

English Hymnal 87

Aberystwith



OUT of Many into One  
Are we fashionèd this night.  
God, to us no winter sun,  
Bids the lame lead on to light.  
Father, who art Fount and Thirst !  
Christ, men's Hunger and their Meat !  
Spirit-knit, though world dispersed,  
Stand we, fearing, round Thy feet.

Out of violence, virtue shone.  
This one thing defied the stream,  
Where the spate of death swept on,  
Stood God's Torture-Tree supreme.  
Rising from a Flanders tomb,  
While the world yet deem'd Him dead,  
His the lamp that lights our room,  
His the Hand that breaks our Bread.

*Choir only*

Out of heart-break, hope is born.  
Rough the road to Promised Lands.  
Bruising flint and piercing thorn ?  
Fire and tinder 'neath your hands !  
Thus, though sword and sea divide,  
God's love knows no East and West.  
Where's the man would stand aside  
From the tide of being blest ?

Blest is he who lives in thrall  
To the empery of good.  
Blest the Master of us all.  
Reigning richly from His Rood.  
God, who makest glad our youth,  
Keep us from presumptuous pride.  
So may we live out Thy truth,  
And constrain Thee to abide.

Grey-flecked head, and eager boy,  
Gownsmen, townsman, pastor, priest,  
Troubadours of toil and joy,  
Gather to this Household feast.  
In the tuneful hearts of friends  
Better music ne'er was blown :  
From the land where hatred ends  
Comes '*Amen*' in antiphon. Amen.

*Philip Clayton*



## IX

## SAILING WESTWARD \*

*Choir only*

**H**OIST your sails, adventurous captains!  
 Out and chase the setting sun!  
 Boundless as the deep before you  
 Shines the dream that calls you on.  
 Sky to sky, adventurous captains,  
 Calls you as the wonder grows;  
 Every sun-down as it deepens,  
 Every sun-down as it deepens,  
 Reddening to an English rose.

*All available voices* ARE THERE WORLDS BEYOND THE DARKNESS?

*Choir only* Westward, through the thundering gales,  
 Westward go the shining sailors!  
 Westward plunge the tattered sails!  
 Ocean opens out to ocean,  
 England fades behind them far,

*All available voices* ARE THERE WORLDS BEYOND THE DARKNESS?

WORLDS OF LIGHT BEYOND THE DARKNESS?

*Choir only* England sails beyond the darkness  
 Westward steering by a star.

Sky to sky, immortal captains,  
 Calls you, as the wonder grows.  
 Every sun-down as it deepens,  
 Every sun-down as it deepens,  
 Reddening to an English rose.

*Alfred Noyes*

## X

## THE IMMORTAL LEGIONS

*Choir only*

**N**OW, in silence, muster round her  
 All the legions of her dead.  
 Grieving for the grief that crowned her,  
 England bows her glorious head.  
 Round the ever-living Mother,  
 Out of the forgetful grave,  
 Rise the legions that have saved her  
 Though themselves they could not save.

Now the living Power remembers,  
 Now the deeper trumpets roll—

*All available voices* ARE THERE WORLDS BEYOND THE DARKNESS?

WORLDS OF LIGHT BEYOND THE DARKNESS?

*Choir only* And a voice beyond the darkness  
 Whispers to her stricken soul:

Mother of immortal legions,  
 Lift again thy glorious head.  
 Glory, honour and thanksgiving,  
 Now, to our victorious dead.

*Alfred Noyes*

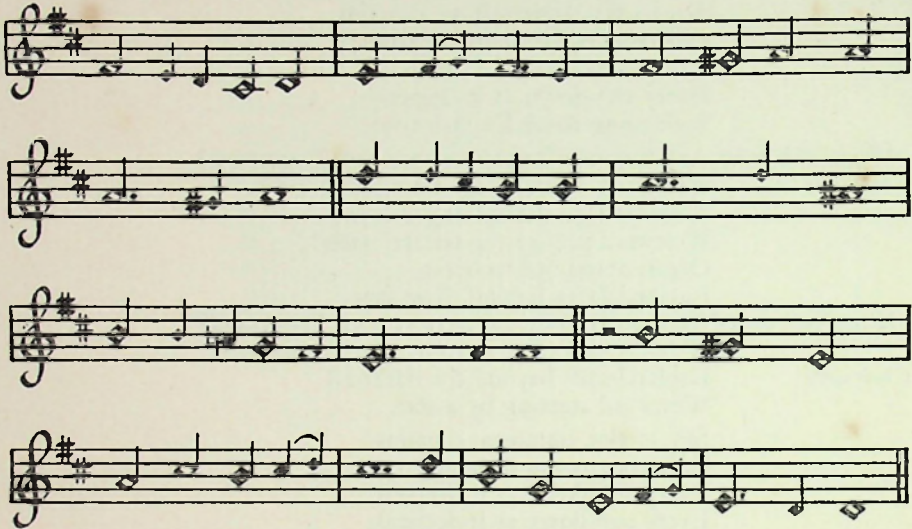
\* These two songs are the gift of Alfred Noyes, C.B.E., Litt.D., LL.D., and of Sir Edward Elgar, O.M.  
 The music by permission of Enoch & Co.

WRESTLING JACOB

*Five stanzas of the great Methodist hymn which thundered through England in the 18th century.*

*From Oxford Hymn Book*

*David's Harp*



COME, O thou Traveller unknown,  
Whom still I hold, but cannot see.  
My company before is gone,  
And I am left alone with thee ;  
With thee all night I mean to stay,  
And wrestle till the break of day.

I need not tell thee who I am,  
My misery or sin declare ;  
Thyself hast called me by my name ;  
Look on thy hands, and read it there !  
But who, I ask thee, who art thou ?  
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

Yield to me now, for I am weak,  
But confident in self-despair ;  
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak,  
Be conquered by my instant prayer !  
Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,  
And tell me, if thy name is Love ?



My prayer hath power with God ; the grace  
Unspeaking I now receive ;  
Through faith I see thee face to face,  
I see thee face to face, and live :  
In vain I have not wept and strove ;  
Thy nature, and thy name, is Love.

I know thee, Saviour, who thou art ;  
Jesus, the feeble sinner's friend !  
Nor wilt thou with the night depart,  
But stay, and love me to the end !  
Thy mercies never shall remove,  
Thy nature, and thy name, is Love !

*Charles Wesley*

*From the Diary of John Wesley*

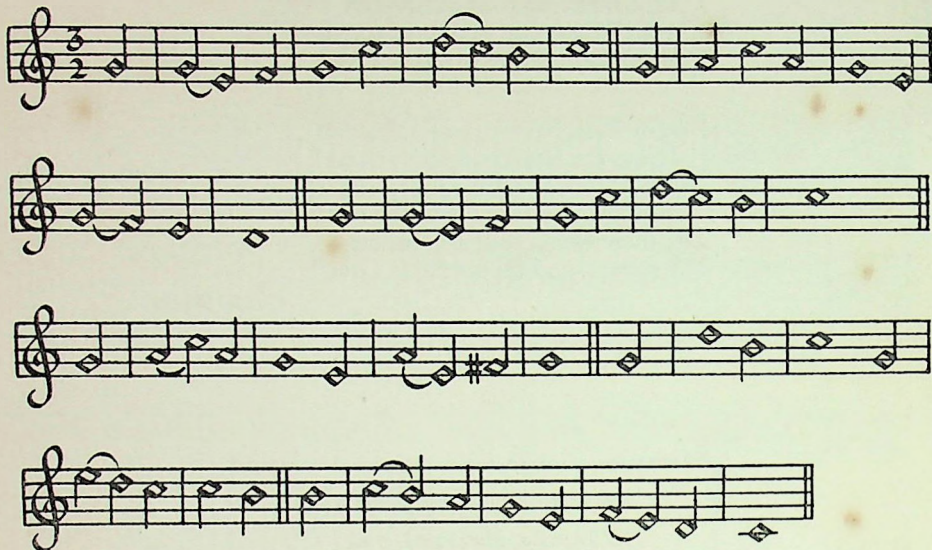
*Thursday, March 24th, 1785*

I was now considering how strangely the grain of mustard seed . . . has grown up. It has spread through all Great Britain and Ireland ; then to America, from the Leeward Islands, through the whole Continent, into Canada and Newfoundland. And the societies, in all these parts, walk by one rule . . . striving to worship God, not in form only, but likewise in spirit and in truth.

*John Wesley*

# XII

## THE PEACE OF JERUSALEM



### PART I

#### I

INVIOULATE Jerusalem,  
 Betrothéd Bride to Him who came.  
 His Sacrifice thy diadem,  
 Thy sanctity His orisflamme.  
 Once more our wending tribes descry  
 Thy Turrets woven in the sky.

#### II

Salem ! the Empires glow and fade,  
 Down to the ashes whence they rose ;  
 As knights beneath thine accolade,  
 They ride, aspire, achieve, repose;  
 Contented, should a tear arise  
 In the high haven of thine eyes.

#### III

Thou ow'st no homage to the sun.  
 Thy glory dies not. Thou art great.  
 To raise, to heal, who hath outrun  
 Thy Christ to every deadly gate ?  
 Leper and castaway have blest  
 The pure pavilion of Thy breast.



## IV

Torture and Triumph, both withstood  
 In counter-march of centuries,  
 Thine own wounds cry beneath the Rood  
 How Christ the True Adventure is.  
 The Spirit museth in Thy face  
 Of modest courage, stelled grace.

## V

Rebeck and lute, with sweet concent,  
 Lay thee soft siege in latic'd hall.  
 Far out, on some sheer battlement,  
 The sennets of Salvation call.  
 Their cadencies bid Hatred cease.  
 Peace to the Citadel of Peace !

## PART II

## I

The Master of thy Vine requires  
 Of every grape her silken store,  
 Of every Faith her firm desires,  
 Of every lamp the light it bore,  
 Of every Team, the race it ran,  
 True Vineyardship of Everyman.

## II

O Christ who lovest all men well,  
 What now is weak in us uphold,  
 What now is dark in us dispel,  
 Add the new truth. Preserve the old.  
 All stale embitterment make sweet,  
 Cool head, firm hands, and ardent feet.

## III

Give us once more our daily bread,  
 Our wayward minds reconsecrate.  
 O wounded Hands, so widely spread,  
 O Feet, so piercèd with sharp fate.  
 Before thy bruised Brow we bind  
 Head, hands and feet to serve mankind.

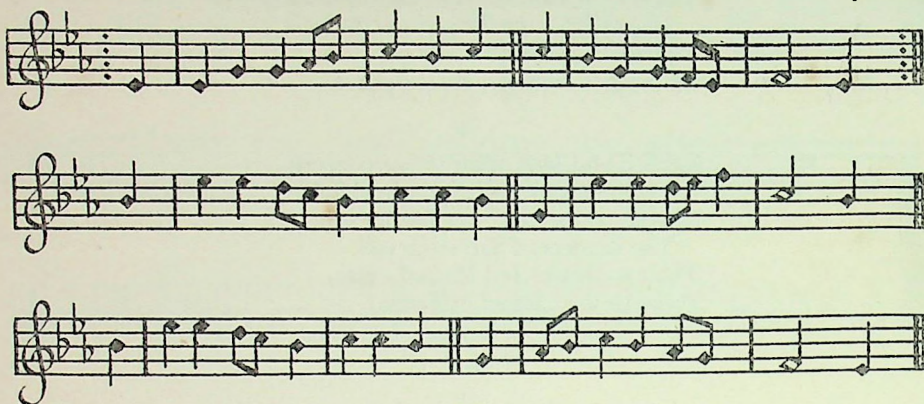
*Philip Clayton*

I heard this tune in the above 6-lined form sung by Russian Prisoners of War (accompanied by their brass-band) at the graveside of one of their number who died at the prison-camp at Stendal, in Saxony, in August, 1918. It appears in a 4-lined form, omitting the 3rd and 4th lines as written above, under the title of "St. Petersburg" in Hymns A. & M. (Nicholson's Second Supplement Edition, 1924), Number 682 Second Tune. I believe I have heard the Salvation Army playing it in the streets in England in the one form or the other. It appears in the Methodist Hymn Book (No. 277) with the first note in each line omitted, turning into Trochaic metre, under the title "Wellspring," composer D. Bortnianski. It appears similarly in the Fellowship Hymn Book (Adult School and Brotherhood publication) as "Wells," composer D. Bortnianski. In both the two latter books it is in six-line form.

H. F. H.

## XIII

## SING, BROTHERS, SING\*

*Old English Folk Tune**Jamaica*

SING, brothers, sing, and praise your King !  
 Gone is the night of sorrow !  
 Have ye not heard His royal word,  
 " God careth for the sparrow " ?  
 Our watch we kept while others slept,  
 We saw where Joseph laid Him,  
 Saw women bring their offering,  
 The last sad tribute paid Him.

For we have heard a greater word,  
 And seen a greater glory ;  
 Sing, brothers, sing this fair morning  
 And tell the world the story !  
 We heard a voice that bade rejoice,  
 Where late Our Lord was lying,  
 No more, it saith, shall there be Death  
 Sorrow, nor pain, nor crying !

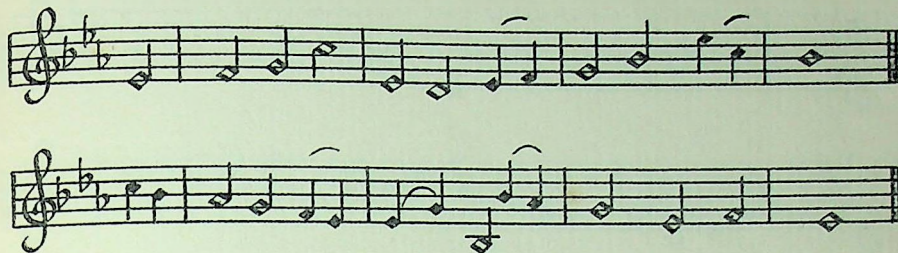
*Cyril Alington**For L.W.H. and Soprano voices only*

\* (Republished from "Doubts and Difficulties" by kind permission of Longmans.)



## XIV

## THE SCOUT'S PSALM\*

*Music from an old Scottish Air**Adapted by W. K. Fleming*

THE Lord is my shepherd ;  
 I nothing can lack ;  
 To the fold of his Father  
 He bringeth me back.

He feeds me ; he leads me  
 Where pastures are green,  
 And beside the still waters  
 My journey has been.

I wandered : he sought me,  
 Converting my soul,  
 For his Name's sake restoreth  
 And maketh me whole.

In the vale of death's shadow  
 I'll walk without fear ;  
 His staff is my comfort,  
 His Cross is my cheer.

He prepareth his table,  
 His wine and his bread,  
 With his joy and his gladness  
 Uplifting my head.

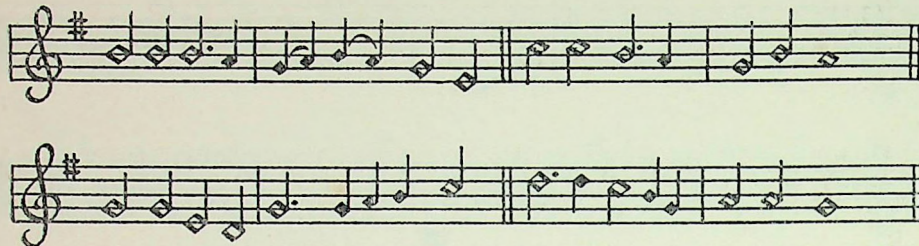
Surely goodness and mercy  
 Shall follow my days,  
 Till I enter, for ever,  
 The courts of his praise.

*William Kaye Fleming*

\* Dedicated to the Lord Mayor's Own (1st City of London) Scout Troop

XV  
THE O.B.C. HYMN\*

*English Hymnal 385*



FATHER, who hast made us brothers,  
Binding us to set us free,  
All thy gifts of strength and gladness  
We will give again to Thee.

Take the glory of our bodies,  
Keep us clean and clear of harm ;  
Take the manhood of the soldier,  
Runner's foot and boxer's arm.

Jesus, who like us didst labour,  
Humbly with Thy holy hands,  
Take our daily work and lift it  
Nearer to Thine own demands.

School and club and home and workshop,  
Let them not unworthy seem ;  
Keep them, O our Teacher, Brother,  
Foreman, Captain of our team.

Holy Spirit, who dost send us  
Every honest thought and joy,  
Rule the hearts of men among us,  
Take the hopes of every boy.

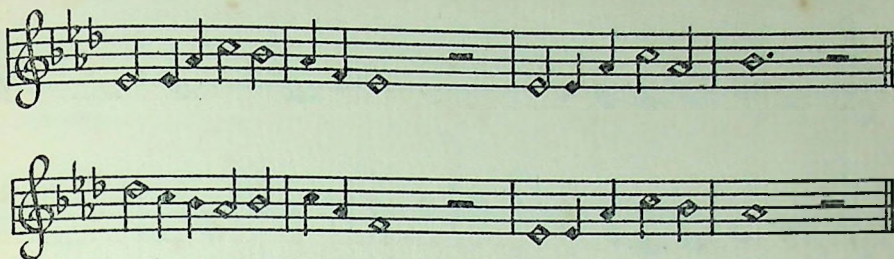
Take our dreams and make them splendid,  
Send Thy light upon our face,  
So that other men in wonder,  
Find our streets a holy place.

*Barclay Baron*

\* Dedicated to the Oxford Bermondsey Club



## THE WORKING MEMBER

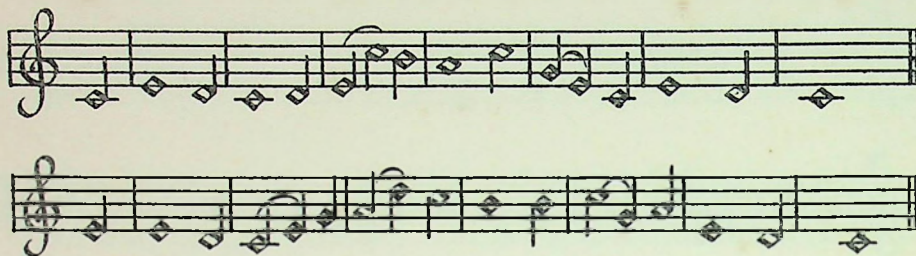
*Mirfield Mission Hymn Book*

**B**LESS'D be the day when moved I was  
 A pilgrim for to be,  
 And blessed also be the Cause  
 That thereto moved me.  
 Bless'd work, that drove me back to pray  
 To strive to be sincere ;  
 To take my Cross up day by day,  
 And serve the Lord with fear.  
 Yet long it is since I began  
 And little have I done,  
 God give me grace to play the man,  
 And heed my heart and tongue.  
 To seize the road from doubt to faith  
 For feet beside mine own,  
 To climb from self to purer breath,  
 Unknown and yet well-known.  
 With Master Fearing may I fear  
 My God and be afraid  
 Of doing anything while here  
 That may have Him betrayed.  
 With servant Great-heart, who arose  
 The children's Guide to be,  
 For those who trust me, I'd oppose  
 Each Giant enemy.  
 He that me seeks shall now be sought.  
 Surrendered here I stand,  
 A truant eager to be taught  
 His purpose for my hand.  
 Life, like an unencumbered flood,  
 Leaps to the sea and sky.  
 At last, beyond the mire of mood,  
 Master, thy man am I.

*P.B.C., after John Bunyan*

## XVII

## A HYMN FOR THE LEAGUE OF THE LAMP

*Old Scots Tune**Stracathro*

LET the most Blessed be our guide  
 If it be His blessed will,  
 Unto His gate, unto His fold,  
 Up to His holy hill.

And let Him never suffer us  
 To swerve or turn aside,  
 From His free grace and holy ways,  
 Whate'er shall us betide.

And let Him gather them that shine  
 Who left us here behind.  
 Lord, make us pray we may be Thine  
 With all our heart and mind.

*John Bunyan; adapted by P.B.C.*



## TWO SHORT LITANIES

### I

#### THE ANSWER OF THE CROSS TO THE CREATION

*When "Light" is called among us, we may well remember that it is the first of God's commandments.*

- ∇ In the beginning, God said Light.  
R And men took God's light, and lifted Him up upon a Cross of wood.
- ∇ Again God spake, Let Earth hang midmost between heaven and hell.  
R And Jesus inclined His royal head to whisper "Verily" to one more sinner.
- ∇ Again God spake : Let Earth bear seed.  
R And Jesus answered : "Mother...."
- ∇ Then said the Father : There must be also Night.  
R And Jesus for us men hung in how great a darkness.
- ∇ Then God bade the rivers run among the hills.  
R But on the hill of Calvary, He cried, "I thirst" ; and only one man helped Him.
- ∇ Then God gave dominion over all to man.  
R And Jesus looked with glazing eyes upon a sea of foes, and cried, "The world is won."
- ∇ Then rested God from labour.  
R And God's Son sheathed His soul in peace.

*Let us pray, saying together this old Prayer,*

O Saviour divine  
Who constantly for all people  
Dost bear the burden of redemption,  
May I this day  
With new empowered hands  
Uplift a corner of the weight  
That bears on Thee.

- ∇ Seeing therefore, brethren, that so great a task is in our hands for Him, into His hands let us commend our spirits.  
R For He has redeemed us, through Jesus Christ Our Lord.

## ON THE ROAD HOME

*A little Litany for men in Toc H who have "come to themselves," but are still "a great way off."*

- ✧ Out of the night, out of the darkness, out of a far country.
- ✠ *The least of all Thy sons is coming home.*
- ✧ Out of the littleness, when men love only themselves, out of the idleness, where there is no leisure for true living, out of the bitterness of the self-blinded.
- ✠ *The least of all Thy sons is coming home.*
- ✧ Out of the loneliness, where no man was on my right hand to know me, the solitude, where no man cared for his own soul, still less for mine, the lovelessness, where men live as they list, and hate it inwardly.
- ✠ *The least of all Thy sons is coming home.*
- ✧ Scarce knowing "how" or "why"; only that the call has come at last, and that "at last" is not too late.
- ✠ *The least of all Thy sons is coming home.*
- ✧ So out of favour and patience even with myself, too tired to mind the mockery behind me, or to heed the flung stone, or the wounding word.
- ✠ *The least of all Thy sons is coming home.*
- ✧ Condemning no one save myself, and judging no man now that my eyes are busy with my own heart: knowing at length how deaf I have been, how dull, how self-willed; how little heed I have given to conscience, and how greatly I have trespassed against the law of liberty.
- ✠ *The least of all Thy sons is coming home.*
- ✧ I am not worthy to be called Thy son.
- ✠ *Make me one of Thy hired servants.*
- ✧ Thou who dost say to the night "Depart!" and to the morning "Come!" to the streams "Be swift!" and to the mountains "Lift your heads on high!" in Thee only can failure be redeemed, and service sanctified Fill me, therefore, with the spirit of true life, that penitence and obedience may lead on to joy and health.
- ✠ *So stretch I forth my hands.*



✠ I muse upon times past, and on footsteps I would follow. Make me more faithful to those Elder Brethren who kept their covenant with Thee in sacrifice.

✠ *When many of Thy sons came home.*

✠ Make me more mindful of that great cloud of witnesses, who in every age have won men's hearts by the loving sincerity of their daily lives.

✠ *So the noblest of Thy sons came home.*

✠ Make me remember above all the Christ, the King's own Son, obedient and commanding, clothed in a living vesture of the flame of love and truth.

✠ *So Thy Son Himself came home.*

✠ Then shall the joy of the redeemed fulfil the joy of the Redeemer.

✠ *By the hallowing anguish of His Cross make me know thee, serve thee, love thee.*

✠ Yea, this my Son was dead, and is alive again.

✠ *He was lost, and is found.*

### Let us Pray Together

Help us, O Lord, now and always to listen for the voice of God,

to think fairly,  
to love widely,  
to witness humbly,  
to build bravely :

And give us strength to maintain our Light in all good faith and brotherly conduct,  
in service from

the elder to the younger,  
the strong to the weak,  
the hale to the sick,  
the richer to the poorer,  
the friendly to the lonely ;

remembering always the lives that first fed the Light, and above all the life of Him  
Who is the light of the world, Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

## SEVEN PRAYERS

### I

#### THE WEEK'S MIND FOR TOC H OVERSEAS

|           |                                        |
|-----------|----------------------------------------|
| SUNDAY    | AFRICA                                 |
| MONDAY    | THE UNITED STATES<br>AND SOUTH AMERICA |
| TUESDAY   | CANADA                                 |
| WEDNESDAY | NEW ZEALAND                            |
| THURSDAY  | AUSTRALIA AND<br>TASMANIA              |
| FRIDAY    | MALAYSIA AND THE<br>FAR EAST           |
| SATURDAY  | INDIA AND CEYLON                       |

#### A PRAYER FOR THE SPRING TIME OF TOC H OVERSEAS

FATHER of all, who hast promised to show favour to the prayers that Thy children make one for another, let Thy loving Spirit strengthen our dear kindred beyond the seas. Endue them with the blessing of Thy goodness, and set a crown of pure purpose upon all they do. Pour into all hearts the spirit of unselfishness, the habit of ungrudging and unwearying kindness in the common cause of the life that is life indeed. O Thou on whom the isles do wait, let us not be disappointed of our hopes, but be it unto us according to our faith in Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

### II

#### EXPECT GREAT THINGS FROM GOD

**O** LORD God, who didst touch the heart and light the flame of wonder in those adventurous souls, who, in every age, have gone forth over wide uncharted wastes to be ambassadors of Thy Kingdom, hear us and help us as we now set forth on our Quest. Kindle in us the vision of high emprise; teach us the highest thoughts; keep us lowly in heart; make us to serve all that are lonely and desolate; to strike at discord; to abound in cheerfulness; that finally, world-worn and wracked, we may be received into the bosom of Thine eternal peace and the glory of Thy Presence. For Jesu's sake, our Pattern and our Guide. Amen. F.J.C.

### III

#### STRENGTHEN THY BRETHREN

**H**EAVENLY Father, who makest men to be as towers, pour Thy eternal glory upon our souls and kindle in us the unfaltering flame of Thy love, that as the great lanterns shine out over the dark waters of the stormy deep guiding those who sail in little ships into the calm peace of a safe port, so may we too be a help to men illuming their course amongst the shoals and shallows of this earthly life, cheering them ever onwards to where shines the Light of the World, the Great Pilot of Mankind, Jesus Most Blessed, ever our Lord and Friend. Amen. F.J.C.



#### IV

#### A PRAYER FOR TOC H, NEW SOUTH WALES\*

**B**LESS, O LORD, our Branches at Sydney and Newcastle, the Groups at North Sydney, Marrickville, Randwick, and Cobar, and the Provisional Groups at Roseville and Mosman. Give an ever-widening influence to this Thy work in many other places, where there is a call to our manhood to help the needs of others. Kindle the flame in all our Groups and Branches, that the desire to serve others may become fruitful. Use our weak endeavours to attain all that Thou wouldst have of us, and grant that Toc H may ever be built on the only true foundation of faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen. E.D.

#### V

#### THE LEAGUE OF THE LAMP OF MAINTENANCE

**O** LORD, give me, I beseech Thee, in the Name of Jesus Christ, Thy Son, My God, that love which can never cease, that will kindle my lamp, but not extinguish it that it may burn in me and enlighten others. Do Thou, O Christ, our dearest Saviour, Thyself kindle our lamps, that they may evermore shine in Thy temple, that they may receive unquenchable light from Thee that will enlighten our darkness and lessen the darkness of the world. My Jesus, I pray Thee, give Thy light to my lamp that in its light the most holy place may be revealed to me in which Thou dwellest eternally, that I may always behold Thee, desire Thee, look upon Thee in love, and long after Thee. Amen.

Anon.

#### VI

#### A PRAYER OF ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI

**G**OD Almighty, eternal, righteous and merciful, give to us poor wretches to do for Thy sake all that we know of Thy will, and to will always what pleases Thee; so that inwardly purified, enlightened and kindled by the fire of the Holy Spirit, we may follow in the footprints of Thy well-beloved Son, our Lord Jesus Christ.

#### VII

#### A PRAYER OF REDEDICATION (*all standing*)

**O**BLESSED Lord Jesus Christ, who didst bid Thy disciples stand with their loins girt and their lamps burning, be with us at this hour. Here we dedicate ourselves to Thee anew. Help us to gird up our loins to run the race that is set before us with redoubled vigour and fresh vision. Teach us how to trim our lamps that they may not burn dim. Guide us to the constant recollection that the candle of the Lord is the spirit of man. And by Thy risen power make us a power in this place, for Thine own merit's sake. Amen. Anon.

\* This stands here to represent, by a single instance, all the branch building overseas.

## FOUR OLD GAELIC RUNES\*

### RANN ROMH URNUIGH

#### RUNE BEFORE PRAYER

*This Rune was common in the Outer Isles as an Invocation before Private Prayer.*

*It was customary to retire for such Prayer to the lee of a knoll, or to the shelter of a dell, lest they be heard or seen of men. The compiler of "Carmina Gadelica," who worked ceaselessly to preserve these old Runes from oblivion, at the end of last century, himself knew "men and women of eighty, ninety and a hundred years of age who continued the practice of their lives in going from one to two miles to the seashore to join their voices with the voicing of the waves and their praises with the praises of the ceaseless sea."*

II AM bending my knee  
In the eye of the Father who created me,  
In the eye of the Son who purchased me,  
In the eye of the Spirit who cleansed me,  
In friendship and affection.

Through Thine own Anointed One, O God,  
Bestow upon us fulness in our need,

Love towards God,  
The affection of God,  
The smile of God,  
The wisdom of God,  
The grace of God,  
The fear of God,  
And the will of God

To do on the world of the Three  
As angels and saints  
Do in heaven—

Each shade and light  
Each day and night,  
Each time in kindness,  
Give Thou us Thy Spirit.

\* By permission of Doctor Carmichael's Executors,  
approached by Padre G. F. Macleod, M.C.



## THIGEAM AN DIUCH

### COME I THIS DAY

COME I this day to the Father,  
Come I this day to the Son,  
Come I to the Holy Spirit powerful ;  
Come I this day with God,  
Come I this day with Christ,  
Come I with the Spirit of kindly balm.

God, and Spirit, and Jesus  
From the crown of my head  
To the soles of my feet ;  
Come I with my reputation,  
Come I with my testimony,  
Come I to Thee, Jesu—  
Jesu, shelter me.

## AN TIONNSGANN

### THE DEDICATION

THANKS to Thee, God,  
Who brought'st me from yesterday  
To the beginning of to-day,  
Everlasting joy  
To earn for my soul  
With good intent.  
And for every gift of Peace  
Thou bestowest on me,  
My thoughts, my words,  
My deeds, my desires  
I dedicate to Thee.  
I supplicate Thee,  
I beseech Thee  
To keep me from offence  
And to shield me to-night,  
For the sake of Thy wounds,  
With Thine offering of grace.

## EOSAI BU CHOIR A MHOLADH

JESU WHO OUGHT TO BE PRAISED  
(*written by a woman healed of Leprosy*)

IT were as easy for Jesu  
To renew the withered tree  
As to wither the new  
Were it His Will so to do  
Jesu ! Jesu ! Jesu !  
Jesu who ought to be praised.

There is no plant in the ground  
But is full of His virtue,  
There is no form in the strand  
But is full of His blessing.  
Jesu ! Jesu ! Jesu !  
Jesu who ought to be praised.

There is no life in the sea,  
There is no creature in the river,  
There is naught in the firmament  
But proclaims His goodness  
Jesu ! Jesu ! Jesu !  
Jesu who ought to be praised.

There is no bird on the wing,  
There is no star in the sky,  
There is nothing beneath the sun  
But proclaims His goodness  
Jesu ! Jesu ! Jesu !  
Jesu who ought to be praised.



## L'ENVOI

GOD is a Carpenter hewing precious wood,  
Planing it and smoothing it until its shape is  
good.

God is a Merchant, buying souls to fashion ;  
His Coin is love and tenderness and uttermost  
compassion.

God is a Shipwright. Mighty Ships and Swift,  
Go forth from underneath His Hands, to succour  
souls adrift.

God is a Mason. That foundation stone,  
On which the earth and heaven stand, came from  
His hand alone.

God is such a mighty Being so wonderful and vast,  
That He is all things under Sun, The first and still  
the last

BUT first He was a Carpenter, shaping Souls of Gold  
From cheap woods and precious woods, and new  
woods and old.

Anon.

